

# NEWS FROM ALL OVER IMPERIAL MISSOURI

Interesting Happenings Which Have Taken Place In the Greatest State in the Union

## The Product of the Scissors, the Pen and a Very Little Actual Labor

Copier county has 2,523 automobiles.

Walter Doughter last week bought the A. E. Ward farm near Sedalia Station at \$480 per acre.

More than 500 hunting licenses have been issued by the county clerk at Maryville, since the hunting season opened.

At last "the oldest man" at a box social has come into his own; he was awarded a jug of elder at a social near Mexico.

The secretary of state by his report, shows that in Missouri there are 292,385 licensed motor cars and 3,910 licensed motorcycles.

Rev. Samuel McAfee, D. D., died at his home in Parkville Thursday morning. The funeral occurred from McCormick chapel Saturday at one p. m.

The Brookfield Argus has noticed that the woman who has just bought a new sweater is far more sensitive to chill than the woman who has not one.

"Everybody is beginning to dream of Thanksgiving turkey," sings the Brookfield Argus, and adds promiscuously: "and most of us will have beef or chicken."

Nodaway county is the sixth county in the state in the number of automobiles and motor vehicles. The number of licenses issued to date for this county is 4,438.

Speaking of names, there is Pink Human, who has been selected to have charge of the Hannuville cemetery and has moved into a residence on that burial plot.

Twenty-three straight Republican ballots were cast at Bunker, election day by "Uncle Jess" Chapman and members of his family who called at the polling place in a body.

"We have been here now," sighs the Joplin Globe, "and a Milwaukee firm is making a seamless choker, but it will be a long, long time before anybody makes a tireless tire."

A Monroe county farmer bought a lot of sheep towels from a mercantile firm and after finding it to his sheep, lost 45 pounds and 25 ewes, besides.

side noting the deterioration of his whole flock. An investigation showed that he had been feeding hog powder, wrongly labeled sheep powder, and he has since the firm sold the stuff for \$1.25 for the loss of some and \$555 for the loss of weight of the rest of the flock.

Two thousand and ten dollars for a pig seems a big price but this is what J. R. King & Son of Hopkins paid for one at the sale of A. T. Whitney at Trenton Friday.

Mrs. Adeline Hoy, ninety-six years old, of Hampton, is the oldest woman voter we have heard from in Platte county. Her vote was for Cox and the League of Nations.—Weston Chronicle.

Mrs. J. T. Hoy, a granddaughter of Daniel Boone, died recently at her home in Mexico. She was born in Callaway county and had lived until four years ago, south of Mexico. She was 80 years old.

The Moberly Monitor-Index has figured out that probably the reason why Mr. Bryan was so silent in the recent campaign was because he didn't dare talk about the "plain people" with the women voting.

Enraged to an insane jealousy, Miss Carolyn Weant, 31, of Fulton, a stenographer, shot and killed her most intimate friend, Mrs. Maud McCowan, 34, and then turned the revolver on herself. Both died instantly.

Arthur M. Hyde, Republican governor-elect, received a majority of 51,190 votes in St. Louis over his Democratic opponent, John M. Atkinson, according to the official tabulation completed Friday afternoon. The vote was Hyde 160,067, Atkinson 108,827.

The Fulton Gazette would like to have the age of a local negro computed by any and all who feel qualified. In explaining himself at the polls and on registration day he insisted he was born February thirty-first, years ago.

Nine of Richmond's white men and one negro who were caught in the prohibition law enforcement net dragged through Richmond on the night of September 17th, by a federal agent and the local officials, pleaded

guilty to violating the "dry" act before Judge Arba S. Van Valkenburgh in the federal court in Kansas City Monday and were fined from \$50 to \$250 each. One of the number, John (Brooks) Love, on account of his past record, drew a fine of \$175 and thirty days in the Ray county jail, and is again within the walls of the county bastille.

"After an absence of four years," relates the Polo News-Herald, "a certain man went back to visit his old home town. The first four people he met didn't remember him and the next three didn't know he had been away."

Miss Hazel Miller, 25 years old, of St. Louis, was killed by a motor car that was struck by a street car and hurled upon the sidewalk where the young woman stood, crushing her beneath it. Two occupants of the car and a pedestrian also were injured.

Who says old dogs never learn new tricks? A retired Boone county farmer, 80 years old, named Hubbard, who never voted any but a Democratic ticket in his life, voted the Republican ticket straight at the recent election.

The farm of J. H. Driscoll, Jr., near Columbia, is a refuge for quail. The birds stay on the Driscoll farm the year around and follow the plow with their protector, like tame pets. During the open season hunters are warned not to bother the birds in their sanctuary.

Harvey Boyer, a young farmer near Leboek, was stripping coal in a pit, and having lighted a "shot" tried to hurry his team out of the way, but was himself tangled up in the harness. When the blast went off a large rock struck him on the arm, breaking it.

Maryville must either never have a tramp in town or else really believe that coal will be cheaper. Last winter during the coal famine a municipal wood-pile was stored up which is now being offered for sale by the town.

While chopping wood on the J. C. Collins farm yesterday, C. W. Robbins found an Indian tomahawk nine inches long, and weighing five pounds three ounces. Besides being an unusually large one, it is very symmetrical in shape and smooth in finish.—Skidmore News.

A young man in Polo went to one of our physicians with what he feared was a hopeless case of heart disease. He was relieved on finding, however, that the creaking sound which he heard at every deep breath was caused by a little pulley on his new patent belt.—Polo News-Herald.

According to the Joplin Globe the good old days came back to Joplin temporarily recently when a horse thief returned to town for a daylight robbery. He helped himself to the bay horse of S. T. King, which Mr. King had left tied on the bucket corner about 10:20 in the morning.

"A man who pays twelve dollars for a pair of shoes is to be excused if he concludes it takes six cow hides to make them," snaps the Jackson Examiner. "Cow hides now sell at about two dollars a hide, the price having dropped from thirty-seven to five cents a pound. Evidently, however, the shoe manufacturers haven't heard the news."

At Eldorado Springs last week a young man who returned from a hunt, slammed the stock of his gun down on the floor without taking the precaution of uncocking it. The load entered the side of his face, knocking out two teeth, and making a serious but fortunately not dangerous wound.

The Kansas City Journal, founded in 1854, Friday was placed in the hands of a receiver. C. S. Jones, bond broker, was named as receiver. The receivership was ordered on application of the Citizens National Bank of Fort Scott, Kansas, and E. B. Laforque, a citizen of France. The application states that both had unpaid bonds of \$5,000.

"Strange things are being found since the whole country went dry," reports a Richmond paper. "For instance, Sam Banks found a dry land water dog in a stump on his farm recently and brought it to town to demonstrate that there is really something new under the sun. It is almost exactly like the water dogs found in ponds and shallow wells, only it lives and travels on land."

A speedy trial and death penalty for Albert Ellis, self-confessed murderer of Edna Ellis, will be asked by Circuit Attorney McDaniel. "I'll demand the death penalty and not accept a plea of guilty," McDaniel said. "If an attempt is made to plead guilty I'll demand that a jury fix the pen-

ishment for the crime." The confession from Ellis will be presented to the grand jury.

According to a Warrensburg paper a student at the Teachers Training college at Warrensburg recently sent a "collect" telegram to the home folks announcing that he was perfectly well, by way of a gentle hint. Later he paid expressage on a heavy box from his supposedly repentant home folks. The box contained a paving brick, however, labeled: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from our hearts."

They even hunt foxes by motor car down in the Albion neighborhood. According to the News, three citizens were returning from Lineville recently when a fox ran across the road ahead. Whereupon they let out a "view halloo" which made the car smart and prance. The game was to the swift and the fox, blinded by the car lights, was finally run down. He surrendered a fine skin to be made into a rug.

Augustus Johnston, age 73, died Friday at his home in Quitman from a complication of diseases. Mr. Johnston had only been ill for about a week, but his condition had been serious for several days. Mr. Johnston was proprietor of a mercantile store in Quitman for 25 years, but for the past fifteen years had been engaged in farming and fruit growing. Mr. Johnston was born in Ross county, Ohio, in 1847. He had made his home near Quitman for 43 years.

When the pungent smell of wood smoke disturbed the evening quiet of the firemen on North Clark street in Moberly the other day they promptly decided that a fire had broken out near enough to turn in its own alarm. They found smoke pouring from a bakery near by. After they had battered in the back door and otherwise done their worst, however, the Monitor-Index says they discovered nothing worse than an improperly regulated oven.

"Sunday morning, while Hugh Reid and William Edwards of this city were motoring a short distance below Lexington boat landing on the Ray county side of the river, they saw a large fowl in the water near the bank," relates the Richmond News. "The bird was killed with a small bowler and proved to be a big pelican. It measured eight feet, nine inches, from tip to tip and its bill was sixteen and a half inches long and nine inches wide. It weighed about fifteen pounds. The pelican is commonly found in Southeastern Europe."

The following ad in the Carthage Press is probably the reason why a local clothing company of Carthage didn't get their plate glass windows all smeared up Halloween: "Spread it on good and thick, boys. We can stand it. Soaping windows is a boy's pastime any time—but on Halloween it's his privilege. Frankly if we come to work Monday morning and find no soap on our windows we'll be disappointed. So whether you go out soaping or snooping, to play pranks or pick patterns, ours is the window to step in front of."

If the Salvation Army could only get hold of all these monster vegetables grown in various parts of the state, what an awfully big Thanksgiving dinner they could give. Gus Berry near Sedalia says he has raised the biggest squash grown in Missouri this year. It weighs sixty-one and one-half pounds. Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Jones came to bat with a five and a half pound sweet potato, a beet weighing thirty and a half pounds was raised by B. R. Hughes near

Albion. Mr. Clay Sweet near Carthage, produced a three pound radish and Mr. J. M. Odell near Richmond lugged to town a head of cabbage that tipped the scales at over fifteen pounds.

Cruso Eliveth, who hanged himself Aug. 30 in the Platte county jail, left a notebook in which he said that he wished to be buried at Dearborn and also that \$50 would be found in a pocket of his best suit to pay expenses. No doubt this money was buried with him, as this notebook was found only last week, and the message was late in being delivered.

## THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAW

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; I am not up to small deceit, nor any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan For any scientific man to whale his fellow man. And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim, To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society. Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare; And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules, Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile and said he was at fault. It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault; He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent; Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen, And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor. And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin, Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games, For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James; And I've told, in simple language, what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

—BERT HARTE.

Mrs. Arthur L. Balaister, formerly of this city, died in Omaha Tuesday.

## WHEN A BIG ELEPHANT HERD TAKES COVER

IT IS A SIGHT THAT COMES BUT ONCE IN A LIFETIME

## AND THEN ONLY TO A FAVORED FEW

A Writer in the World's Work Who Claims to Have Seen Seven Hundred Elephants in One Drove Tells How the Big Brutes Acted When One of Their Number Suddenly Got a Whiff of Him From a Passing Breeze.

I got up and had breakfast before daybreak. The elephants had moved on down the edge of the forest (British East Africa). What had been a jungle of high grass and bush the day before was trampled flat. There were at least seven hundred elephants in the herd—government officials had counted them on the previous day as they came down.

I followed the trails to the edge of the forest but saw none. I started back to cross a little nullah (a dry water course), but felt suspicious and decided to look the situation over a little more closely. I ran up on a sloping rock and, almost under me on the other side, I saw the back of a large elephant. Over to one side there was another one, beyond that another, and then I realized that the little nullah through which I had planned to pass was very well sprinkled with them. I backed off and went up to a higher rock to one side. Elephants were drifting into the forest from all directions. The sun was just coming up over the hills and was shining upon the forest which sparkled in the sunlight—morning greetings to the forest people.

Everything Woke Up The monkeys greeted one another with barks and coughs. Everything was waking up—it was a busy day. There was not a breath of air. I had gone back a million years; the birds were calling back and forth, the monkeys were calling to one another, a troop of chimpanzees in the open screamed, and their shouts were answered from another group inside the forest. All the forest life was awake and moving about, as that huge herd of elephants, singly and in groups, flowed into the forest from the plain.

There was one continuous roar of noise, all the wild life joining, but above it all were the crashing of trees and the squealing of the elephants as they moved into the forest on a front at least a mile wide. It was the biggest show I ever saw in Africa.

Then an old cow just at the edge of the forest suddenly got my wind, and wheeling about, she let out a scream. Instantly every sound ceased, everything was quiet. The monkeys, the birds—all the wild life—stopped their racket; the elephants stood still, listening and waiting. For a moment I was dazed. The thought came through my mind—"What does it all mean? Have I been dreaming?"

As a Great Storm But soon I heard the rustling of the trees as though a great storm was

coming. There was no movement of the air, but there was the sound of a wind storm going through a forest. It gradually died away and I realized that the elephants had made it as they moved off. It was the rustling of the dry leaves on the ground under their feet and the rubbing of their bodies through the dried foliage of the forest. I never heard a noise like that made by elephants—before or since. The conditions were unique, for everything was thoroughly parched, and there had not even been a dew. Ordinarily, if there is any moisture, elephants when warned can travel through a forest without the slightest noise. In spite of their great bulk they are as silent and sometimes as hard to see in their country as a jack rabbit is in his.

I remember on one occasion being so close to an old cow in the jungle that I could hear the rumbling of her stomach, and yet when she realized my presence the rumbling ceased, as it always does when they are suspicious, and she left the clump of growth she was in without my hearing a sound.

But going back to the big herd. From the time I had seen the first elephant until the last of them disappeared in the forest, had been perhaps fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes in which to see the sight of a lifetime, a thing to go to Africa a dozen times to get one glimpse of, but what did I learn about the habits of the elephant in that fifteen minutes? A little, perhaps, but not much. It takes a long time and much patience to get at all intimate with old Tembo, as the Swahilis call him, on his native soil.

## HAD HEARD ABOUT IT

"Well! Well!" exclaimed the facetious stranger. "So this is Chiggersville?" "That's right," said Lem Botts, proprietor of the village grocery store. "I guess you've heard about this place before." "Sure! A man mentioned it on the train." "One of our citizens?" "No, the brakeman. He bawled 'Chiggersville!' just before we got here."

## CAN ANYONE REMEMBER?

Nothing annoys a certain noble woman, or we guess any noble woman, more than to have her lace curtains come back from the laundry starched so stiffly that they stand out like a little girl's pantalettes, if anybody can remember when anything approaching pantalettes was worn.

## HE WAS OBVIOUSLY GUILTY

"Now, officer, what law am I violating?" "I don't know yet, but I'll look you over. You must be violating some law. You've got a car, haven't you?"

It's bad enough to be "shut out" in the recent elections but when the republican hens go to laying goose eggs, as reported from Chillicothe, that looks like a desire on the part of old mother nature to want to "rub it in." —Gallatin Democrat.

Governor Cox grabbed at most every straw in sight to win, but overlooked a fine chance to get the "woman vote" by not promising they would be exempt from paying poll tax in the event of his election.—Hopkins Journal.



### Keep your Feet Young

How often you have wished that your own feet might be as active and healthy as the feet of your children. Yet this is not a vain wish, for foot vigor and comfort are not the exclusive riches of childhood. They may be preserved throughout your lifetime if you wear the right kind of shoes.

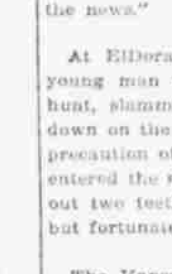
## ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

preserves foot health because it fits the foot, comes up to the arch and stays up. It provides a permanent non-changing tread base for the foot—to keep the arch from falling down.

And you can wear Arch Preserver Shoes without sacrificing style. You always feel well dressed in Arch Preserver Shoes. You will say they are unusually fashionable. Come in and try on a pair of Arch Preservers. Find out what a real shoe fit feels like.

The Leading Department Store  
Exclusive St. Joseph Agents,  
Shoe Section Second Floor.





## War Surplus Clothing

PREPARE FOR COLD WEATHER WITH GOOD DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE AT LOW PRICES

Army Russets.....	\$3.95
Army Overcoats.....	\$10.00
6 Pairs Wool Socks.....	\$1.25
New Officers' Dress Shoes.....	\$8.60
All-Wool Blankets.....	\$4.50
New Army Wool Underwear.....	\$1.95
Wool Sweaters.....	\$3.95
Wrap Leggings.....	\$1.45

**New Shipment—NEW Army Trench Axes**  
**85 cents**

Army Overalls.....	\$1.00
All-Wool O. D. Shirts.....	\$3.95
Khaki Breeches.....	95c
O. D. Blouses.....	\$1.95
Army Double-Back Raincoats.....	\$7.75
New Officers' Moleskin Coats.....	\$24.95
Leather Jackets.....	\$12.50
Leather Vests.....	\$7.50

GOVERNMENT 12-POUND CANS BACON.....\$3.50  
GOVERNMENT NO. 2 TOMATOES.....2 Cans 35c

GUARANTEED U. S. PAINT AND ROOFING AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER ITEMS THAT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

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Vulcanizing and Rebuilding—Used Tires for Sale  
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